

Which 1400. yeeres ago were naild,
For our aduantage on the bitter crosse.
But this our purpose now is twelue month old,
And bootlesse 't is to tell you we wil goe.
Therefore we meet not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Coosen Westmerland,
What yester night our Counsell did decree
In forwarding this deere expedience.

West. My liege, this halfe was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set downe
But yesternight, when all athwart there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heauy newes,
Whose worst was that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herdforshire to fight
Against the irregular, and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered,
Vpon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly shamelesse transformation
By those Welchwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame, retold, or spoken of.

King. It seemesthen that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our businesse for the holy Land.

West. This matcht with other did my gracious L.
For more vneuen and vnwelcome newes
Came from the North, and thus it did import,
On holy roode day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Yong Harry Percy, and braue Archibold,
That euer valiant and approued Scot,
At Holmedon met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:

As by discharge of their artillery,
And shap of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horse
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

King. Here is deare, a true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse.

Stain'd with the variation of each
Betwixt that Holmedon, and this
And he hath brought vs smooth
The Earle of Douglas is discomf
Ten thousand bold Scots, two an
Balkt in their owne blood. Did
On Holmedons plaines, of pri
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eld
To beaten Douglas, and the Ear
Of Murrey, Angus, and Mentei
And is not this an honorable sp
A gallant prize? Ha coosen, is it

West. A conquest for a Prince

King. Yea, there thou mak'st
In enny, that my Lord Northum
Should be the father to so blest
A sonne who is the cheame of ho
Amongst a groue the very straig
Who is sweet fortunes minion a
Whilst I by looking on the prais
Sceryor and dishonour staine the
Of my yong Harry! O that it cou
That some night-tripping fairy ha
In cradle clothes our children wh
And cal'd mine Percy, his Plant
Then would I haue his Harry, an
But let him from my thoughts. W
Of this yong Percies pride. Th
Which he in this aduenture hath
To his owne vse, he keepes and
I shall haue none but Mordake E
West. This is his vncles teaching
Malevolent to you in all aspects,
Which makes him pryme himself
The crest of youth against your d
King. But I haue sent for him
And for this cause, a while we mu
Our holy purpose to Ierusalem.

Stain'd